

## SIGNS

Brass,  
Glass,  
Electric,  
Emblematic,  
Board,  
Wire.

Make us a rough sketch,  
give the space the sign is  
to occupy, and we will  
make a design free of  
charge.

Rubber Stamps made to  
order and office supplies  
carried in stock.

Mail Orders Given Prompt  
Attention.

Diamond Stamp Works  
115 S. 3rd St. Phone 358

[When In]

**DAWSON**  
Stop at  
**RICH HOUSE**  
One block from Hamby Well.  
\$1 per day; \$6 a week.

## ST. LOUIS AND TENNESSEE

RIVER PACKET COMPANY  
(Incorporated.)  
EXCURSION TO TENNESSEE  
RIVER.

Steamer Clyde, every Wednesday at  
5 p. m.

Steamer Kentucky, every Saturday  
at 5 p. m.

Only \$8.00 for the round trip of five  
days. Visit the Military National  
Park at Pittsburg Landing.

For any other information apply to  
the PADUCAH WHARFBOAT CO.  
Agents; JAMES KOGER, Supt.

## [ROOF

## SPECIALISTS

We patch and paint old roofs  
and put on new ones on short  
notice. No roof troubles we  
can't remedy. Only exclusive  
business of the kind in city.

**M. B. Paint and  
Roofing Mfg. Co.**  
Old Phone 1818-A.

## Cumberland River Steamboat Co.

## EXCURSION SEASON NOW ON

Take a trip on the beautiful

## STR. NASHVILLE

Jas. S. Tyner, Master. J. P. Paulin,  
Clerk.

Fare to Nashville, round trip, \$3.50  
Nashville and return, \$5.00

Leaves Tuesday and Saturdays  
at 5:00 p. m.

Meals and Berths Included.

For rates of freight and passenger  
call both phones 676.

W. W. PARMENTER, Gen. Mgr.,  
Nashville, Tenn.



**B. P. O. E.**  
**Detroit..**

For the meeting of the  
grand lodge, Benevolent and  
Protective Order of Elks, at  
Detroit, Mich., the Illinois  
Central Railroad Co. will sell  
round trip tickets from Paducah  
on July 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11  
for \$18.55, good returning  
until July 20, with privilege  
of extension. Special Pullman  
sleeper will start from Paducah  
Saturday, July 9, at 6:20  
p. m., running through to De-  
troit. For tickets and reserva-  
tions see R. M. Prather, ticket  
agent Union depot. J. T.  
Donovan, agent city office.

## OUR RATES TO AUTO OWNERS

Storing cars, per month....\$5.00  
Cleaning cars, per month....\$7.00  
Any Size Machines.

Repairs 30 cents to 75 cents per  
hour, according to nature of work  
to be done.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT  
Complete line of auto supplies  
and accessories at your service day  
and night.

The Kentucky Auto & Machine Co.  
Phones 56. Sixth and Jefferson Sts.

Some enthusiastic Porto Ricans  
predict that their island will grow  
all the lemons consumed in the  
United States in another twelve  
years.

## I. C. TIME TABLE.

Corrected to November 14th, 1909.  
Arrive Paducah.

Louisville, Cincinnati, east. 8:52 am  
Louisville ..... 4:15 pm  
Louisville, Cincinnati, east. 6:10 pm  
M'phis, N. Orleans, south. 1:28 pm  
M'phis, N. Orleans, south. 11:20 am  
Mayfield and Fulton. 7:40 am  
Cairo, Fulton, Mayfield. 8:00 pm  
Princeton and E'ville. 6:10 pm  
Princeton and E'ville. 4:15 pm  
Princeton and Hop'ville. 9:00 am  
Cairo, St. Louis, Chicago. 7:35 am  
Cairo, St. Louis, Chicago. 8:00 pm  
Met'lis, Carb'dale, St. L. 11:00 am  
Met'lis, Carb'dale, St. L. 2:35 pm

Leaves Paducah.  
Louisville, Cincinnati, east. 1:33 am  
Louisville ..... 7:50 am  
Louisville, Cincinnati, east. 11:25 am  
M'phis, N. Orleans, south. 3:57 am  
M'phis, N. Orleans, south. 6:15 pm  
Mayfield and Fulton. 4:30 am  
Cairo, Fulton, Mayfield. 4:30 am  
Princeton and E'ville. 1:35 am  
Princeton and Hop'ville. 3:40 am  
Cairo, St. Louis, Chicago. 8:10 am  
Cairo, St. Louis, Chicago. 6:20 pm  
Met'lis, Carb'dale, St. L. 9:40 am  
Met'lis, Carb'dale, St. L. 4:20 pm

J. T. DONOVAN, Agt.,  
City Office.  
R. M. PRATHER, Agt.,  
Union Depot.

## Ticket Offices

City Office 423  
Broadway.

DEPOTS:  
1st & Norton Sts.  
and  
Union Station.

Departs.

Ar. Paducah ..... 7:45 a.m.  
Ar. Jackson ..... 12:30 p.m.  
Ar. Nashville ..... 1:52 p.m.  
Ar. Memphis ..... 8:30 p.m.  
Ar. Hickman ..... 1:54 p.m.  
Ar. Chattanooga ..... 9:27 p.m.  
Lv. Paducah ..... 2:20 p.m.  
Lv. Nashville ..... 8:55 p.m.  
Lv. Paducah ..... 2:30 p.m.  
Lv. Nashville ..... 8:55 p.m.  
Ar. Memphis ..... 10:00 a.m.  
Ar. Hickman ..... 8:35 p.m.  
Ar. Chattanooga ..... 2:44 p.m.  
Ar. Jackson ..... 7:30 p.m.  
Ar. Atlanta ..... 7:10 a.m.

Ar. Paducah ..... 6:10 p.m.  
Ar. Paris ..... 9:15 p.m.  
Ar. Hollow Rock Jet. .... 10:05 p.m.  
Ar. Nashville ..... 6:50 a.m.  
Ar. Chattanooga ..... 2:40 p.m.  
Ar. Atlanta ..... 7:35 p.m.  
Ar. Martin ..... 11:55 p.m.

Arrives 1:20 p. m. from Nashville,  
Memphis and all southern points.

Arrives 8:15 p. m. from Nashville,  
Memphis and all southern points.

7:45 a. m. train connects at Hollow  
rock Jet. with chair car and Buffet  
trolley for Memphis.

2:20 p. m. train connects at Hollow  
rock Jet. with chair car and Buffet  
trolley for Nashville.

F. L. Welland, City Passenger  
Agent, 430 Broadway. Phone 212.

E. S. Burnham, Agent Fifth and  
Norton streets. Phone 22.

R. M. Prather, Agent Union Depot  
Phone 56.

**YOUNG-MEN**  
**PABST'S OKAY SPECIFIC**  
Does the work. You all  
know it by reputation. Price \$3.00

SEE SALE BY J. H. OEHLSCHLAGER

The work Barrington had been doing  
requires to be performed with great  
accuracy; otherwise it is not only  
valueless, but may be the occasion of  
great loss to the client. Now, it is  
possible that Barrington possessed  
genius. People who have that, you  
know, are apt to be careless as to de-  
tails. Perhaps it was merely that,  
being deeply in love, he could not con-  
centrate his mind upon his work. How-  
ever that may be, Hartford, the attor-  
ney whose office was next to Barrington's,  
had discovered in the course of  
an investigation of the records that  
Barrington had filed documents con-  
taining serious errors. He spoke to  
Barrington about it in a perfectly  
friendly way. Barrington received his  
kindly admonitions with a contempt  
which he was at no pains to disguise.  
Why should he pay heed to the re-  
marks of a man who wore baggy  
trousers and long hair and played faro,  
to say nothing of becoming intoxicated  
now and then? He knew well  
enough what inspired these critical ob-  
servations. Hartford was jealous of  
the prosperity which Barrington had  
so rapidly achieved. Let him stop  
cavilling, said the virtuous Barrington  
to himself, and seek success by lead-  
ing a sober life, as he did.

**EL INCICO**  
**That Good Havana**  
**Cigar**

In six sizes. For sale at  
all first-class dealers.

Made at

**The Smoke House**  
222 Broadway  
Opposite Wallersteins.

The Girl  
From the  
Effete East

By ARTHUR DENSMORE

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sociation

BARRINGTON was completing  
his first year of practice when  
Theodore Tuppenheim arrived  
in Knuckleville. Mr. Tuppenheim  
was selling stock in the Charitable  
Gold Mining company at 5 cents per  
share, price to advance to 10 cents at  
the end of thirty days. Incidentally he  
found time to foster in Barrington's  
bosom the spirit of discontent which  
ten months' fruitless waiting for clients  
had engendered. If he were a clever,  
clever young man like Barrington,  
did Barrington know what he'd do?  
Move west. He wouldn't fritter away  
his time in a mossbacked New Eng-  
land hamlet where people looked down  
on a fellow just because they'd known  
him all his life and could remember  
when he was a little shaver and went  
with patches on his trousers. No, sir.  
He'd just gather together his earthly  
possessions and take the first train  
for Gilt Gulch, Nev. There was the  
coming town; there lay the oppor-  
tunity for an able young man to rise.  
No reason in the world why he should  
not be in the United States senate  
within five years. That would be com-  
ing some? Well, everybody and every-  
thing came some in that country.  
Why, sir, where the thriving city of  
Gilt Gulch now stood there had been  
less than two years since naught but  
sagebrush and alkali. And now look  
at it—just look at it! Six thousand  
inhabitants and more coming by every  
train! Simply couldn't get houses up  
fast enough for 'em. Had to camp out  
in tents. And every blamed one of  
'em making money. Why, sir, you  
couldn't find a bootblack in Gilt Gulch  
who was worth less than fifty thou-  
sand!

This vision of wealth and political  
prominence was quite too much for  
Barrington. He adjusted his affairs  
in Knuckleville, which was no very  
difficult matter, took careful leave of  
numerous relatives and of a certain  
pretty damsel, who was not yet a re-  
lative, but had rashly promised to be-  
come one whenever Barrington's in-  
come should suffice for the support of  
two persons, and hid himself to Gilt  
Gulch, promising to send souvenir post-  
cards from every municipality he passed  
through on the way.

Now, underneath the lurid exagger-  
ation with which Mr. Theodore Tuppenheim  
had clothed his narrative of the  
rise of Gilt Gulch there lay a re-  
spectable substratum of truth, and the  
combination of Barrington's ingenious  
appearance with certain letters of in-  
troduction to persons financially promi-  
nent in Gilt Gulch, which Mr. Tuppenheim  
procured for him, resulted in his  
speedily establishing a thriving  
practice. For the most part it was  
work in connection with the location  
of mining claims, and, besides num-  
erous fees in cash, Barrington acquired  
several claims of his own, which he  
disposed of profitably.

In brief, at the end of a year Barrington  
had waxed so prosperous as to  
feel himself warranted in marrying.  
The Knuckleville Weekly Times an-  
nounced editorially that it understood  
that young Mr. Barrington, for whom  
its readers would remember, the Times  
had predicted a brilliant career when  
he hung out his shingle in Knuckleville,  
was now one of the leading men  
in the west, and the other village  
maiden were openly jealous of Susie  
Cutler, whose good fortune it was to  
be to marry a millionaire.

But Susie herself had no illusions.  
She even refused to permit Barrington  
to come east for the marriage. Her  
childhood lessons of thrift and econ-  
omy had taken deep root in her mind,  
and she would not, she said, have the  
price of a round trip railroad ticket  
thrown away. If Barrington felt that  
he must spend the money, let him buy  
a cabinet organ or a secondhand piano  
for the front parlor. They would be  
married in their own house at Gilt  
Gulch and after that take a little wed-  
ding trip to Colorado Springs or maybe  
Denver. Perhaps, being a prudent  
damsel, Susie desired to have a glance  
at Gilt Gulch before she committed  
herself irrevocably. At any rate, mat-  
ters had been thus arranged, and the  
date set for the wedding being but  
two days away and Susie due to ar-  
rive that afternoon, Barrington was  
in the state of ecstasy appropriate to such  
circumstances. It was in this moment  
of supreme happiness that misfortune  
befell him.

The work Barrington had been doing  
requires to be performed with great  
accuracy; otherwise it is not only  
valueless, but may be the occasion of  
great loss to the client. Now, it is  
possible that Barrington possessed  
genius. People who have that, you  
know, are apt to be careless as to de-  
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enough what inspired these critical ob-  
servations. Hartford was jealous of  
the prosperity which Barrington had  
so rapidly achieved. Let him stop  
cavilling, said the virtuous Barrington  
to himself, and seek success by lead-  
ing a sober life, as he did.

Feeling that he had been insulted,  
Barrington thereafter confined his  
communications with Hartford to a  
curt "How are you?" accompanied by  
a barely perceptible nod when they  
chanced to meet. It was with a good  
deal of surprise, therefore, that Hart-  
ford, glancing up from his rather di-  
lapidated desk as he heard the door  
open, perceived Barrington entering  
his office. One had not to look at Bar-  
rington twice to be convinced that he  
was badly frightened. His eyes, which  
ordinarily regarded those about him  
with an air of easy toleration, were  
wide with terror, and his well chisel-  
ed features, customarily wearing an  
air of placid conceit, were now white  
and drawn. His manner toward Hart-  
ford was no longer supercilious. All  
his carefully constructed attitude of  
dignity had vanished.

"You've been in this part of the  
country longer than I have, Hartford,"  
said he. "I want your advice as a  
friend, you know."

Hartford nodded and withdrew his  
pipe from his lips.

"Sure," said he succinctly. "What's  
the row?"

"Why, you see," said Barrington, "it  
seems that in filling the papers for Jim  
Busby on that last mining claim of  
his I made a slight error. I have been  
doing a large business, you know,  
Hartford—a very large business—and  
it was inevitable that I should make  
a mistake occasionally. It seems that  
some unscrupulous persons have taken  
advantage of this purely technical slip  
and have jumped Busby's claim, and  
he is very much exercised about it."

"I should think he might be," Hart-  
ford observed.

"Yes," repeated Barrington, "he is  
much exercised and quite unreason-  
able about it. He came into my  
office a few moments ago and demand-  
ed an explanation. Of course I couldn't  
tell him anything except that it was  
just a mistake such as any man might  
make, and he said I was lying to him.  
He said I was too smart to make a  
fool break like that and that I was in  
with the gang that were trying to do  
him out of a claim that would have  
made him rich. I argued with him  
the best I could, but it didn't budge  
him. He said he didn't see that it  
made much difference, anyhow, whether  
I was a fool or a knave, because  
either way I hadn't any right to live,  
and he wound up by saying that he'd  
just go down to the Jolly Dog and get  
a few drinks to put him in the right  
frame of mind and then he'd come  
back and reduce the membership of  
the Gilt Gulch bar by one."

It is significant of Hartford's broad  
and tolerant temperament that he did  
not remind Barrington that he had  
previously predicted such a catastro-  
phe as had now befallen. Neverthe-  
less a slight glimmer of amusement  
stole across his face.

"So you want my advice, do you?"  
he asked.

"I should appreciate it very much,"  
said Barrington.

"Well, you shall have it," said Hart-  
ford laconically, rapping the bowl of  
his pipe against the heel of his shoe.  
"If Jim Busby were out gunning for  
me and I couldn't shoot any better  
than you can, and I had a comfortable  
little sum saved, as you have, and  
there were a pretty girl in New Eng-  
land who didn't know any better than  
to love me, as she does you, I'd go east  
on the half past 2 train, and I wouldn't  
burry back."

"But the trouble is," Barrington ex-  
plained, "Susie—Miss Cutler, that is—  
will be here on the train that gets in  
at 2:50. The trains pass on the first  
siding out, you know. The fact is we  
are to be married day after tomorrow  
at noon. You'll pardon my omitting  
to send you an invitation, won't you?  
It was quite unintentional. I've been  
so busy."

"Oh," Hartford broke in, with a de-  
precatory wave of his arm, "you need  
not apologize. It's just one of those  
little mistakes a busy man is bound to  
make every now and then. I haven't  
Busby's disposition. I'll forgive you."

Then Hartford looked at his watch  
and found that it was twenty minutes  
past 2.

"You'll have to move lively, my  
boy," he said. "Keep an eye open for  
Jim, and if the coast is clear take the  
2:30. If it isn't, walk over to Sand  
City and take the next one there."

"But about Susie," Barrington re-  
monstrated.



## Graduation Presents

At no other time in the life  
of a Boy or young Woman is  
a substantial gift so appro-  
priate, and no occasion merits  
a token of approval and en-  
couragement more.

The proud day of gradua-  
tion for a Boy offers a suitable  
time for the gift of a Watch  
or a Pen or Chain or Ring.

For a young Woman, a Dia-  
mond is most appreciated, but  
whatever the amount you can  
afford to invest, some selection  
from our jewelry stock will  
please best and carry the most  
enduring remembrance.

**J. L. WANNER**  
Jeweler  
311 Broadway

"Pshaw!" growled Hartford. "That's  
easy enough. Leave a note for her  
with the station master, telling her to  
go back to Colorado Springs and you'll  
meet her there. If you don't have time  
to write a note, have the station mas-  
ter tell her you've been called away on  
a life and death matter and that she's  
to go to the hotel and wait until you  
send her word. Don't you worry about  
the girl. She'll prefer a slightly de-  
layed wedding to an expedited funeral.  
Hurry up now. You've just about time  
to make it."

As he slipped down the main street  
of Gilt Gulch on his way to the sta-  
tion Barrington caught a glimpse of  
Jim Busby's gaunt profile as he stood  
at the bar of the Jolly Dog, his back  
toward the entrance. Barrington's in-  
dolent heart rejoiced as he reflected  
that the ten mile walk to Sand City  
would now be unnecessary. It was  
just twenty-eight minutes past 2 when  
he reached the station. He gave the  
necessary instructions concerning Susie  
to the station master and rushed  
out upon the platform. But the train  
which made up at Gilt Gulch was not  
yet ready to depart. A freight car had  
left the rails, blocking the track. Five  
ten, fifteen minutes passed, and still  
the obstruction remained. Barrington  
grew uneasy. Jim Busby might at any  
moment deem that he had fulfilled a  
quantity of liquor commensurate with  
his contemplated task and begin to  
search for him. But at the end of  
twenty minutes, to his great relief,  
the perspiring train crew succeeded in re-  
placing the derailed car, and the  
freight train pulled slowly out upon a  
siding. Even as it did so Barrington  
caught sight of the 2:50 train as it  
rounded the curve just beyond the sta-  
tion.

A moment later Susie Cutler, her  
trim little figure set off by a skillfully  
tailored gray traveling suit and her  
face wearing the look of determination  
befitting a girl who had just completed  
a journey nearly across the continent  
alone, descended to the platform of  
Gilt Gulch station. Barrington rushed  
toward her joyfully. Within three  
steps of her he encountered an obsta-  
cle—a very serious obstacle. This was  
nothing less than the muzzle of a re-  
volver. Behind the revolver stood Mr.  
James Busby.

"Now, young man," said Mr. Busby,  
"we'll attend to your little matter, and  
we won't be long doing it."

Then Busby became suddenly con-  
scious of a voice, evidently feminine,  
proceeding from some point in his  
rear and of the light pressure of a  
hand upon his arm.

"Do you know," said the voice, "it's  
dreadfully careless of you pointing  
that thing at anybody so. Why, it  
might go off."

Turning about, Busby looked into  
the piquant features of Susie Cutler.  
He decided unhesitatingly that, not-  
withstanding some freckles and the  
tendency of the nose to turn up, it was  
a rather pleasing face to view.

"So it might," said Busby slowly.  
"So it might."

"Well, then, stop aiming it at Har-  
Mr. Barrington," she commanded.  
"You make me nervous."

"Fact is," said Busby, "I was sort  
of planning to shoot Mr. Barrington."

He had lowered his weapon and  
spoke very calmly and deliberately.

"What?" shrieked the girl. "You  
have the audacity to stand there and  
tell me you mean to commit a cold  
blooded murder? Where are the pol-  
ice? A splendid place this must be to  
live in, where a man goes out to kill  
another as coolly as he'd eat his  
breakfast!"

"That's the way with all you folks  
from out Boston way," grumbled Bus-  
by. "You're always getting murder  
and the administration of justice  
mixed. I ain't going to murder him.  
I'm going to execute him. He's done  
me dirt, and if he ain't killed he'll do  
somebody else dirt. So for the good  
of everybody he'd ought to be shot.  
What do you care anyway? Ain't no  
relative of yours, is he?"

"Why, no," she answered in some  
confusion, "he isn't a relative exactly  
—that is, he—"

A gleam of comprehension shone in  
Busby's eyes.

"Come to think of it," said he, "I  
heard something about his being going  
to get married. Be you the girl?"

She nodded.

"Yes," she answered simply, "I'm  
the girl."

"Then," said Busby, "it's clear  
enough to my mind that in interfering  
with this execution you're preventing  
me from doing you a great favor.  
Howsoever, if you stick to it that  
you don't want him shot and if you'll  
take him out of Nevada and keep him  
out—"

The girl did not wait for him to fin-  
ish. She transferred her grasp from  
Busby's arm to that of Barrington,  
who during the preceding conversation  
had stood silent, his face white, his  
limbs trembling, cold sweat beading  
his forehead.

"Come, Harry," she said imperiously.  
"Meekly, with bowed head and down-  
cast eyes, Barrington suffered her to  
lead him aboard the train, which was  
now, the track being clear, about to  
move eastward."

Jim Busby sat down upon the edge  
of the platform and burst into a roar  
of laughter. Long after the train had  
disappeared around the curve below  
the station the station master found  
him there, his broad shoulders still  
shaking with merriment.

"Well, you doddering idiot," said the  
station master, "what's the joke?"

"Oh, ain't he going to get his all  
right, though?" queried the mirthful  
Busby. "Did you hear her 'Come, Har-  
ry,' him and snake him aboard the  
train like he'd been a puppy hitched  
to a string? He got out of being exe-  
cuted, but he's getting a life sentence,  
and that's a whole lot worse."

Rubies, opals, crystallized quartz,  
onyx, talc, gypsum and earth suit-  
able for making porcelain have been  
found in the sparsely peopled terri-  
tory of Los Andes, Argentine.

Blessed are they who realize when  
it is time to stand from under.

In  
**Rudy & Sons**  
Shoe Department

YOU CAN FIND HOT WEATHER SHOES AT  
"ZERO" PRICES

98c to \$1.98 buys Line Woman's Tan Pumps and  
Oxfords; \$2.00 to \$4.00 value.

\$1.48 buys what is left of 1 lot welt black undressed  
Kid Pump; \$3.00 value.

\$1.48 buys Woman's 2 eye welt Tie; \$2.00 value.

\$1.48 buys Woman's 4 strap Patent Kid, French  
heel; \$2.50 value.

\$1.48 buys Woman's odds and ends Patent Pump,  
perforated vamp, etc; goods that sell at not less than  
\$3.00.

\$1.50 to \$2.50. Men see what we show you to keep  
comfortable.

Our baskets are full of Odds and Ends at way off  
prices.

Holding Their Own.

Two tired tourists were tramping  
in Switzerland. They were on their  
way to Interslaken, where they pro-  
posed to dine and pass the night.  
Late in the afternoon, when hunger  
and fatigue began to make walking  
unpleasant they accosted a farmer.

How far is it, they asked, "to  
Interslaken?"

"Two miles," was the reply.

They walked hopefully on. A half  
hour passed. Interslaken was not  
yet in sight. So, seeing another  
farmer in a field, they shouted to  
him:

"Are we near Interslaken?"

"Keep straight forward," the  
farmer shouted back, "It's just two  
miles."

The tired, hungry tourists trudg-

ed on again. Nearly half an hour  
passed and still no signs of Inter-  
slaken.

"Is Interslaken very far from  
here?" they asked another farmer.

"No, gentlemen," said the farmer,  
"It is only two miles."

Then the tourists looked at one  
another and the younger one sighed  
and exclaimed:

"Well, thank goodness, we're  
holding our own, anyhow."—Cleve-  
land Leader.

WHY NOT TRY  
POPHAM'S  
ASTHMA CURE  
Gives prompt and positive relief in  
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